

appearance, and the richness of habiliments, exercise over the mass of mankind. "How thoroughly," he said to me, "do men deserve the contempt I feel for them. All your virtuous republicans, I have but to put gold lace on their coats, and they are mine."

I remember well that on an occasion of one of his fits of contempt for the whole human race, I observed to him, that although so much admiration was inspired in vulgar minds by mere baubles, there were nevertheless some men distinguished above their fellow mortals, who were not to be caught with such baits of false allure; and I named, as an example of such an exception, the celebrated Mr. Fox, who, in anticipation of the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, had already come to Paris, where he was remarked for nothing more than for his extreme simplicity. "As to him, you are right," said the First Consul; "Mr. Fox is a really superior man, and one who is much to my mind."

Bonaparte, in short, was always much pleased with a visit from Mr. Fox, and after interviews with him never failed to speak to me of the satisfaction he had derived from the conversation with a man truly worthy of his great celebrity. He considered him a superior man in every respect, and was very desirous of having to treat with him in the ulterior relations which were to be established with England.

Bonaparte and Moreau—Early indications of their Enmity.

During the summer of 1801, it came into the head of the First Consul to give a grand military dinner at a restaurateur's; his choice of a dining place fell on Veri's, which establishment was situated on the Terrasse des Feuillans, and had an entrance from the Garden of the Tuileries. Bonaparte sent round his invitations, but omitted to ask General Moreau, whom I happened to meet that day by the following chance:—

The solemnity of the occasion of the dinner at Veri's permitted me to dispose of my afternoon as I pleased; I took advantage of my liberty, to indulge myself with a dinner at a restaurateur's: I went to Rose's, which was then very notorious among gastronomic celebrities. In company with me were M. Carbonnet, a friend of the Moreau family, and two or three other persons. While we were at table in the Rotunda, we learnt from the garçon who waited on us, that General Moreau and his wife were dining in a room near us. With him were also Lacuee and two other officers. Suchet, who had dined at Veri's, where he said he had been completely bored, came to join them. These particulars we learnt from M. Carbonnet, who had quitted us for a few minutes, to go and pay his respects to Moreau and his lady.

The affectation of Bonaparte in not inviting Moreau, at a time too when the latter had just arrived conqueror from the command of the army of the Rhine; and the affectation no less of Moreau, in going to dine in public on the very same day at another restaurateur's, afforded good grounds for anticipating that the coolness which subsisted between these two generals would soon rise into enmity. It was the general feeling in Paris, under the circumstances, that it would have been no derogation to the victor of Marengo to have had at his table the conqueror of Hohenlinden.

Napoleon's Sense of Decency—Private Theatricals of Neuilly and Malmaison—Life at Malmaison.

Lucien had a handsome residence near Neuilly. He one day invited Bonaparte and the inmates of Malmaison to a private play. The piece chosen was *Alzire*. Eliza performed the part of *Alzire*, Lucien was *Zamore*. The warmth of the expressions, the heroism of the gestures, and the sacrifice of modesty to truth in the dresses, shocked most of the persons present, but none so much as Napoleon himself. His indignation survived the performance.—"It is shameful," he said to me with asperity, "I must not suffer indecencies like these, I shall give Lucien to understand that I will have no more of this." In fact, when Lucien, having changed his dress, returned to the room in which we were assembled after the play, Napoleon addressed him abruptly and sharply, and told him he must abstain for the future from similar performances. In the evening, when we returned to Malmaison, he spoke again on the same subject in a tone of high displeasure. "What," he said, "when my first duty is to re-establish good moral habits, my brother, even my sister, are to go and exhibit themselves almost naked on the stage."

Lucien had a decided ambition for theatrical success, to which he attached great importance: indeed he declaimed very well, and might have competed with the best professional actors. It has been said of him, that the turban of Orsman, the costume of the American savage, the Roman toga, and the garment of the high-priest of Jerusalem, were equally to his taste, and this I believe to be the exact truth.

But it was not at Neuilly only that private theatricals formed a favourite amusement. At Malmaison also we had our theatre and our company, but here at any rate every thing was conducted with the greatest attention to decorum; and now I am behind the scenes I will not leave them without instructing my reader in the secrets of our stage management.

The First Consul had had a very pretty little theatre built for us at Malmaison. Our performers in ordinary were Eugene Beaubarnois, Hortense, Madame Murat, Lagreston M. Didelot one of the prefects of the police, a few other persons of the household, and myself. Relieved from the cares of government, which we left as much as possible at the Tuileries, we were sometimes extremely happy in our colony at Malmaison; and besides we were young; and what scenes is it that youth will not gild?

The pieces which the First Consul liked best to have represented by us were, "Le Barbier de Seville," and "Defiance et Malice." In the former Lauriston played the part of Count Almaviva, Hortense took that of Rosine, Eugene was Basile, Didelot Figaro, I was Bartholo, and Isabey l'Eveille. Our stock pieces besides were "Les Projets de Mariage," "La Gageure," "Le Debit Amoureux," in which I played the part of the Valet; "L'Impromptu de Campagne," in which I represented the Baron, having for my spouse the Baroness, the young and pretty Caroline Murat.

Hortense performed admirably, Caroline was middling, Eugene acted very well, Lauriston was somewhat heavy, Didelot was passable, and for myself I may safely say, without vanity, that I was not the worst of the company. If we were not good actors, moreover, it was not for want of good lessons and good advice. Talma and Michot came to make us rehearse, at times together, at others separately. How many lessons have I not had from Michot while walking in the delightful park of Malmaison! And, if I may be excused for expressing the feeling, what pleasure do I now derive from looking back on these trifles, of which, being then young, we made an affair of consequence, but which bore so remarkable a contrast with the grand theatre on which we were called upon to play other than fictitious characters!

We had then, as we say in green-room language, a well appointed material; Bonaparte had presented to each of us a handsomely bound collection of theatrical pieces; and as natural protector of the troop, he had caused us to be provided with rich and elegant costumes.

Napoleon's Sensibility to Virtuous Actions.

During the summer I had half the Sunday to myself. I was obliged to devote a part of this scarce leisure to gratify Bonaparte, by surprising him with new characters learnt during the interval, but sometimes I went to spend my holiday at Ruel. I remember that one day, having gone there in a great hurry from Malmaison, I lost my watch, a handsome Breguet. It was almost four o'clock in the afternoon, and the road that day was thronged with people. I lost no time in having my loss made known by beat of drum at Ruel. An hour after, as I was about sitting down to table, a youth of the village brought me my watch. He had found it on the highway, in a rut, and covered with dust. Pleased with the lad's honesty, I rewarded both him and his father. The same evening I gave an account of the occurrence to the First Consul, who was so struck by this instance of probity, that he desired me to make inquiries respecting the young man and his friends, and I learned that he belonged to a respectable family of pea-

sants. Bonaparte placed three brothers of this family in situations; and what was very difficult to be obtained from him in other cases, he gave the young man himself, who had brought my watch, exemption from the conscription.

Indeed, whenever an action of this nature came to the ears of Bonaparte, it was rare that he did not give it author some proofs of his satisfaction. Two qualities were predominant in him—benevolence and impatience. When his fits of impatience seized him, they were too strong for him; they mastered him; it was impossible for him to command himself. Of this I had a remarkable proof much about the same period that I am speaking of.

Canova having arrived at Paris came to St. Cloud to model the figure of the First Consul, for the colossal statue he was about to make of him. This great artist attended often in vain, in the hope of getting a sitting from his subject; but this caused Napoleon so much annoyance and dislike, and made him so impatient, that he would sit very rarely, and when he did so but for a very short time. The resemblance has suffered in consequence. Yet he held Canova in the highest esteem: whenever he was announced, the First Consul sent me to keep him company, until the moment came when he could give him a sitting; but, raising his shoulders, he would say to me, "Another sitting! Good God, what a bore it is!" Canova was much vexed at not being able to study his subject as he himself desired, and the backwardness of Bonaparte threw a damper on the imagination of the sculptor. Every body agrees that he did not succeed in his likeness; the reason is as above stated.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

[From the "Mémoires de M. de Bourrienne, Vol. V."]

Bonaparte at St. Cloud—His Contempt of Mankind—Mr. Fox. It was in the year 1802, that Bonaparte first took up his quarters at St. Cloud. He was very partial to this residence, because he enjoyed greater liberty there than at the Tuileries, the palace of which is nothing more than a royal prison, in which it is not possible for a sovereign to breathe a little fresh air at a window without immediately becoming the object of curiosity to numerous groups of the public.—At St. Cloud, on the contrary, Bonaparte might begin his airings from the very door of his cabinet, and might extend them as much as he pleased, without being importuned by suitors. One of his first cares was the repair of the cross-road from St. Cloud to Malmaison. The distance between these two places he used to traverse on horseback in a quarter of an hour. This proximity to his favourite spot increased still further his attachment to St. Cloud.

It was in this palace that the First Consul went through his first rehearsals of the drama of the empire: it was at this palace that he began to introduce in exterior forms the habits and etiquette which called to mind the usages of sovereignty. He very quickly perceived how great an influence the pomp of ceremonies, the splendour of personal